coute the thieves; she didn't want even to dis-miss Baptiste Pierre Bedel, whose private affairs

THE PATROL WAGON WRECK.

The wrecking of the Gravesend police patrol

wagon and the killing of Daniel Bailey, who

was in charge of it, by an engine of the Brigh.

have been due partly to the negligence of Engineer Isaac Phillips and Henry Creswell, the

charge of homicide. The engine had left a train

at the Brighten Beach depot and was on the

THE DYNAMITERS.

Lord Londonderry Says Their Belease to

Viewed with Disfavor in England,

LONDON, Sept. 6.-The Marquis of London-

ered at Stockton, declared that the release of

miters had been received with disfavor in Eng-

plain their astonishing change of front since the time they supported and applauded Mr. As-quith, Home Secretary in Lord Rosebery's Cablest, when he refused to release the dyna-miters.

Congress of Austrian Catholics, BERLIN, Sept. 6 .- The Congress of the Aus

trian Catholics that held at Salzburg was nota ble for the presence of Count Thun, who, in his

Americans in Berits.

BERLIN, Sept. 6,-The family of United States

Ambassador Uhl are still at Manhelm spending

Mr. W. J. Chittenden and family of Detroit

Mich., attended the autumn military parade on the Tempelhofer field in company with Ambas-

sador Uhinton, ex-Congressman Sanford and family. Mr. Kauffman of St. Louis, Mr. Ald-ridge of Rhode Island, and Charles Davis of Cincinnati, are among the Americans here.

One of the Kaiser's Favorites.

BERLIN, Sept. 6 .- It is reported that Gen. vo Hahnke, the chief of the Kaiser's Military Cab-

inet, will succeed Gen. von Loe in the command

their holidays.

The Unionist leaders, he added, ought to ex-

## SHOT IN HELL'S KITCHEN.

THEURER KILLS THE IN-FIDER OF HIS HOME.

Murphy Scarches and Watches All Night for Her Husband Attracted by the trawd Outside, She Finally Goes to the Theorer's House and Pinds Murphy Dead Mike Murphy had not come home. That fact was well known to Hell's Kitchen. The Kitchis quick to notice anything out of the goal in the every-day life of any of its people. twas an unusual thing for a light to be burnafter 11 o'clock in the front window of the the dat over Felscher's saloon, at the southest corner of Fifty-fifth street and Eleventh stenue, where the Murphys lived, and the gueben noticed it. It was concluded that pikes band, swollen and painful from the lead postening that had set in after he had ern it on a rusty nail two weeks ago, must be forse. The tenants on the floors above and be heard Mrs. Murphy pacing up and down he flat, and they knew something must be grong. Finally, Mrs. Lannigan, who lives on he second floor rear, just below the Murphys, sade up her mind she would find out what was

he matter. Going up stairs, she rappe loor, and entered at Mrs. Murphy's bidding. "What's the matter, Mrs. Murphy?" asked Mrs. Lannigan, sympathetically, "I saw the ight and I heard you walking the floor, so I hought Mike's hand must be worse,"

Mrs. Murphy, who is a young and rather prepessessing tooking woman, burst into tears at he words of honest sympathy from her neigh-"Oh, Mrs. Lannigan!" she cried, "Mike isn't

worse. That isn't the trouble, but he's been away all day and all evening. I don't know there he is, and, knowing that he is unwell, I'm afraid something has happened to him." "Weil, now! Is that all that's troubling you, Mrs. Murphy?" exclaimed Mrs. Lannigan in afrigned surprise. "Don't you know that like is just taking an evening out for himself? I walked the floor every time my Denny took mevening off, I'd be having my feet covere

he woman, and you'll wake up finding Mike gund aslesp beside you." "But ne's been away since half past 11 this norming. He never stayed away so long before, and I don't know what to make of it."

rith blisters. Just go to bed now, like a sensi-

"Why don't papa come home, mamma?" It was the voice of the Murphys' little three-yearsid bey, who was in his cradle in the next room. "The child hasn't been able to sleep all night," mit Mrs. Murphy by way of explanation. "He sed to sleep with his father, and he cannot iose his eyes till Mike comes home."

This conversation occurred on Saturday night, hortly after 11 o'clock, in the flat of Michael Murphy, a driver for Schwarzschild & Sulzberger, the wholesale butchers. Murphy lived there with his wife and three children. He was B) years old, and his wife seven or eight years

Mrs. Lannigan was utterly unable to undergand why Mrs. Murphy should trouble herself so greatly about her husband's late coming, and so she went down stairs to tell the other tenants what the matter was. The exact state of affairs spread rapidly through Hell's Kitchen, and the general and only comment was that "Mrs. Murphy always was a queer woman." The clock in the tower of the little parish

thurch down on the river front struck 1, and the light still burned in the Murphys' window, and the young wife still walked the floor, evading as best she could the questionings of her haby as to why his father didn't come home. another hour passed and the wife still kept her lonely vigil. Finally she bethought herself of two or three saloons in the neighborhood which kept even all night. Murphy had been known eccasionally to linger too long over his cups, and Mrs. Murphy concluded that she might find her husband in one of the saloons. Throwing a shawl over her head, Mrs. Mur.

phy went out into the street. Into one saloon after another, as many as she could find whose fours were open, the young wife went, searchby for her husband. To every inquiry she usle she got the same answer. No, Mike ladn't been there. In fact, they hadn't seen him for several days. This was coupled with sivice to Mrs. Murphy to go home and go to

through the entire length and breadth of Hell's Kitchen, the distracted wife prosecuted her march. How long and how far she walked she had no idea. When, at last, she gave up the much and returned to the little flat the light had burned low in the window, and out of the east came the gray light of the dawn. Mrs. east came the gray light of the dawn. Mrs.
Murphy, unmindful of the fact that she was
searly denoted from her long tramp in the
nin with no shield from the storm, save a
stawl, sat in the window watching for
her husband's return. Finally, from sheer
sthaustice, she fell asleep in her chair.
When she awoke the church bells were cailing
worshippers to early mass. Looking out to see
if there was a sign of her husband's coming,
the noticed that a crowd had collected a block it there was a sign of her husband's coming, He solded that a crowd had collected a block up the awante, on the opposite side of the street, in front of the wagon and blacksmith shop of John Theurer. Men were running hither and hitheritwo or three policemen were in front of the place, and everybody appeared to be nighly

More to seek relief from her anxiety than from any other motive, Mrs. Murphy concluded to join the crowd. On reaching the entrance that leads from the street to the rooms over the

that is all from the street to the rooms over the shop, Mrs. Murphy asked a policeman what was the matter.

"Oh, a man's been killed up stairs, and we're tring to find out who he is. Perhaps you'd like to have a look at him."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't know him? How sould know him? Of course I don't know him. He's nothing to me. Let me through! Let me get up there! I don't know the dead, satisfies see."

with these contradictory words the poor weman pushed her way through the crowd and seended the stairs. One flight up, on the landing a poinceman stood in front of the body of a man, lying coid in death on the floor. Without wring a word, the woman brushed the policeman ande. She took one look at the prostrate was aside. She took one look, wild shriek, she

fied;
"Oh! Mike Murphy, my husband! Who has
me this Oh, Mike! Mike! Ceme back to se back!"
y had found her husband at last.
ing over the body of her dead.
here the body lay was the entrance
f John Theurer. The building is
a southeast corner of Eleventh

deep. It was built by and is owned by
The ground floor is used by the owner
cacamith and wagon shop. Here he
can a business which provided himself
aily, consisting of a wife and four
with a comfortable living.
cond floor is cut up into three flats. The
de north side of the building, extending
that to rear, the Theurers occupied. The

orth side of the building, extending to rear, the Theurers occupied. The ment on the opposite side of the ball by a Mrs. Murray and her two in the rear of the Murray live Mr. in Staiger, the latter Mrs. Theurer's rance to these apartments from the vanarrow flight of stairs, terminating about seven feet by five.

Let a rose about 6:30 A, M. yester-van making because of the A. hat do you want?" said Mrs.

explanation or pariey the man ward, and, using a vile epithet. Theurer by the throat, exclaiming

led the woman into the hall v struggled, she doing her best r assauant from throwing her Mrs. Murray, the door to whose heard the souffers and went into

neard the southers and went into Thebrer saw her and called out: d shut the door, Mrs. Murray: bere in the hall." frs. Staiger, who had also been out of her apartment. The man ed his hold upon Mrs. Theurer, frs. Staiger by the throat. Then freed from the grasp of the man, her apartment, calling as she ran; it. Come quick!"

les awakened Mr. Theurer, and f the bedroom. u want here! What are you do-curer, springing upon the man

earer, springing upon the man ground him away from Mrs. mas the man saw Theurer he man and attacked the black-him by the throat and declaring il him. ruggled in the entryway Theuhe was not a match for his an-weaching himself away, he ran bedroom and got his revolver the mattresses, anpeared the intruder attacked for two men clinched, swayed

was the report of the pistol. Theurer had fired upon his assailant, who reeled backward and fell upon the floor, where his wife found him.

As soon as Theurer fired the shot he ran down stairs to the street, where, catching sight of Policeman Cassidy of the West Forty-seventh street station, he shouted to him. Cassidy an swered the call on a run, Policeman Townsend, who was on post on the block below, also came up.

The Gangs and the Elval Detective Bureaus —The Murders of the Baroness de Valley

up,
Cassidy says that Theurer told him that he had fired a blank cartridge at a man who had attempted to assault his wife. When the policemen with Theurer reached the landing Murphy was evidently dead. A bullet hole was found in his left breast.

Theurer was arrosted and locked up in the West Forty-seventh signet station. Later in the day Theurer was arrosted and locked up in the West Forty-seventh signet station. Later in the day Theurer was arrighted before Magistrate Flammer in Yorkville Court and remanded for examination this morning at 10 o'ciock.

Just where Murphy spent Saturday night and the early hours of yesterday morning is not now known. It is supposed that, living on a corner himself, and only a block from Theurer's, Murphy, in his intoxicated condition, lost his bearings and tried to enter Theurer's house for his own.

Ings and tried to enter theurers house for hown.

Mrs. Theurer said yesterday afternoon that the man's appearance justified the conclusion that Murphy was not only drunk, but that he had spent the entire night out of doors.

The Murphy family and the Theurers have not the alightest acquaintance with one another. Mrs. Theurer said that neither she nor her husband had ever seen Murphy before, and Mrs. Murphy said that she had never even heard of the Theurers.

# HOPES HER HUSBAND IS NOT DEAD.

Mrs. Curry Refuses to Accept the Payment of His Life Insurance Money. Mrs. Robert Curry of 20 Frederick street, Newark, refused on Saturday to accept the payment of the insurance upon her husband's life, although the insurance company had obtained satisfactory proof of her husband's death. She refus because she had received a postal card from her husband's brother in western Pennsyl-

vania saying that he had seen Robert, or somebody who looked very much like him. in Allegheny City. Curry, who was a machinist out of work.

Curry, who was a machinist out of work, disappeared from his home on Aug. 3. Two weeks later his wife read of an insane man, who was caught in the goods near Elizabeth, and she noticed that the description of the man tailied closely with that of her husband. She also learned that the insane man had been taken to the State Hospital for the Insane at Morris Plains.

Mrs. Curry took her husband's picture to Elizabeth and it was identified by the police and jail physicians as that of the lunatic. She wont with a neighbor to Morris Plains and showed the picture to the keepers, who said that it looked much like the man whom they had received from Elizabeth, and whom they had buried as few days before. At her request the grave was opened and the body exposed. She recognized it as the remains of her husband. The asylum authorities would not let her remove the body to Newark.

Curry was insured in the Metropolitan and Curry was insured in the Metropolitan and Prudential insurance companies. Both companies made an investigation and were convinced of his death, and they announced that they were ready to pay the policies. In the mean time Mrs. Curry received the postal card from her husband's brother, and when one of the insurance companies tendered her a check for \$600, the amount of the matter a check for \$600, the amount of the companies tendered her a check for \$600. the policy, she refused to accept it. She said she had reasons to hope that her husband was alive, and that that hore was worth more to her than all the money in the world.

### TAILORS OUTWIT BUTCHERS.

### How They Got Ahead of Them in Securing

Delegate Maher of the Liberty Dawn Associ ation of Coach Drivers reported to the Central Labor Union resterday that a committee of the Brotherhood of Tailors had "played a low down trick" on a committee of the Cattle Butchers' Union. It appears that committees of the two organizations, both of which have long drawnout strikes on their hands, had been furnished with credentials from the C. L. U. to visit the individual organizations and solicit contributions in aid of the strikers. The committees attended a meeting of the Liberty Dawn Association one night last week. The tailors, two in number, were there first, and were waiting to get in when the butchers' committee came. The second committee, said Maher resterday, "supposed that the tailors were members of our organization and told them their errand, asking them when they could get in. The tailors pretended to belong to us, and one of them said: 'Oh, we're too busy to listen to any outside committee toolight. You had better call at our next meeting.'"

The butchers' committee took this advice and went away, leaving a clear field for the tailors. They attended the meeting, stated their case, and received a handsome contribution. It was not until several days afterward that the trick was discovered. with credentials from the C. L. U. to visit the

### SLEEP AS A VACATION.

### Change of Scene and Climate.

From the Toron to Mail and Empire.

It has been suggested that what some people want is sleep holidays. They do not need to go to watering places and summer hotels and to be entertained by a round of garety, with a band always playing. The aposties of the new method say that many people would be benefited if they fust went to bed and slept for lengthened periods, and that they might do well to take holidays in just that way. They affirm that as a rule men and women and children do not get sleep enough and that the old adare. "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise," needs changing. There need be no reference to early rising in it. For "early to rise," "late to rise "might be substituted. From the Toronto Mail and Empire.

tuted.

The advice of that old saw was concocted, ther say, in days when there were no express trains, no telephouses no telegraphs, no hurry. Where is the use of telling people to get up early whose brains are racked by anxiety and worry, and who are really being burned up by the ever-increasing rate at which things have

worry, and who are really being burned up by
the ever-increasing rate at which things have
to be done?

The proper thing to say to them is to get as
much sleep as they possibly can on every possible occasion. The suggestion of occasional
sleep holidays, when worried people of this kind
could temporarily shuffle off their mortal coil,
is on this understanding quite intelligible.
There would be no difficulty in making arrangements to carry the scheme out.
The proprietors of the summer resorts would no
doubt be glad to provide accommodation for
any number of somnoient guests. The prevailing question would not be, "What is there
for dinner?" but "Is my bed ready?" There
would be memoranda as to the length
of time sleep had been indulged in or
was desired to continue. "Mr. A. came on
Saturday; he is to be called on Wednesday
night;" Mrs. H. will sleep for one week," &c.
No doubt if the fad were started establishments
would vie with each other in the perfection of
their sleeping preparations, and we should be
told that absolutely unbroken repose for any
desired period could be obtained.

Joking apart, however, there may be something in the contention that a greater amount
of sleep is required by people nowadays—especially brain workers—than was formerly the
case. Nikola Tesila, the electrician, is credited with saying that he believes a man
might live two hundred years if he would
alsep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because
they sleep so much. He also alluded to the current report that Mr. Gladstone now sleeps seventeen nours every day. There is something distinctly pleasant in the idea of
an old age of such commanding inteliect being kept vigorous by this simplest
of remedies. But the worst of precepts, like
those of modern apostles of sleep, is that their
instructions will be taken advantage of by the
inary and brainless us an ecuse for an inactivity
for which they have no manner of warrant,
either in the deviloument of their brains or the
delicate adjus

## Dr. Gallagher to Remain a Few Days

Longer at the Navoy. The General Amnesty Committee met yesterday to hear reports from the committees appointed by that body for the reception of Dr.

Thomas Gallagher, The committee having Dr. Gallagher in charge since his arrival in this country reported that it was deemed advisable to keep him at the Hotel Savoy a few days longer before send-ing him to the sanitarium at Amityville, as they believed that the society of his relatives was having a beneficial effect upon the patient's mind.
The joint committees from the Assnessy
Association and from the Irish Political
Prisoner's Fund Association will meet to-mor-

# Police Eald Little Games.

Quan Chue and twenty other Chinamen were arrested in the cellar of 15 Doyers street last night by the Elizabeth street police. They were playing a game called Pi Gow with dominoes, dice, and buttons.

Acting Captain Hogan of the Eidridge street station raided the rooms of Isaac Reuten, 23 years old, of 172 Chrystle street, and arrested four men who were playing cards there.

Where Yesterday's Fires Were. A. M.-11:45, 26 Second avenue, Louis Plattner, damage trifling.
P. M.-3:00, 218 West Twenty-sixth street, M. Cohen, damage \$200; 8:30, 3:0 East Thirty-fifth street, Hose Hurtha, no damage.

-The Murders of the Baroness de Valley and of Pierre Bedel-When Thieves PARIS, Aug. 24.-For some time we have had really extraordinary series of crimes and

ferent causes for this state of facts: The inwhich declasses some persons; finally, a general state of demoralization. Suicide is busy among all classes and ages:

children of 14, 12, even 10 years of age, have killed themselves. As to whole families that have done so the number is inconceivable. The reasons for these acts are always about the same: Poverty, unrequited love, and illness.

But criminality is another matter. That does not come from a morbid social spirit; it has become a real organized industry, carried on by concerns with rules, regulations, and authority. Recent crimes in Paris, which may rank among the celebrated cases, show this statement to be a fact. Among such crimes are the murder of the Baroness Valley and vesterday's murder in

The Prefecture of Police, as well as the Department of General Safety, the detective service, recognize these gangs. But as the two dewatch the gangs only for their personal edification and to maintain their reciptocal preponder-

ance of power. Suppose a crime to have been committed; if a clew is found by the agents of the police, it is almost always the case that the difficulties to be surmounted by them will not be lightened by any act of the agents of the General Safety Department. Under such conditions, on one side and theother, they know of the gangs, the "lay" of each; but no one goes to the police, each make ready to gain the glory of discovering a crime after it has been committed, and of catching the criminals.

It is because of this state of facts that one can say that the Baroness de Valley was murdered,

thanks to the negligence of the police. The Baroness de Valley was the widow of an old functionary of the empire, and had been of remarkable beauty; scandal says that she profited by her beauty. For instance, at Wiesbaden, in 1870, she would have been expelled for her utterances against Prussia, "except for the intervention of a very august personage, whom in her youth the Baroness had known and loved." Thus she lived an exciting life, but even in old age was flery and passionate, though her beauty had long since gone. One of her protégés was a lad named Lageny, who was member of an organized gang of criminals.

Except in the crimes caused by passion, criminals nowadays are all extremely young. Many are from 15 to 16 years of age when they join it. Between the ages of 16 and 21 one commits burglaries and kills; after that one is ripe for murder and that sort of thing, because murderers undergo the influence of circumstance and obey blindly a fatal destiny. It is to be remarked that this crime was planned under the kindly eye of the police, and

that the Department of Safety, which knows everything, because it ought to know everything, is acquainted with all these gangs and their respective "lays." It knows them all; but far from stifling crime in its infancy, it favors it; for nothing is more pleasing to the Prefecture than a good crime. The police have their own slang, and their own pride; well-planned crime, like the finale of an act at the theatre, affords them the keenest joy. They telerate, they encourage these gangs of crimials, among whom are the informers who give them the means of preserving their knowing air. The young criminals find kindly words, sometimes even money, at Police Headquarters; but no is never suppressed until after the fatal ence of the police; and it is especially important-to the police-that crimes should take place where there is surveillance and at

Very late, and too late, the police arrested the muderers of Baroness de Valley, as it has those of the Rue Fontaine, though not yet all of them. The police knew, as a matter of fact, that a crime was being planned; or at all jevents they should have known it.

The Bureau of Public Safety recruits its informers among the degraded and the pupils in burglary: it relies wholly on them for warning whenever a coup is to be made; but it knows quite well that its informers are on occasion

whenever a coup is to be made; but it knows quite well that its informers are on occasion the criminals, and that they never inform except under threat of arrest and long detention. Or sometimes they make the informer talk by arresting his sweetheart.

"Your girl goes to St. Lazare." he is told when he comes around to get her out. "St. Lazare for her, or give everything away to us." And rather than renounce his easy job of being supported by the girl he decides to "blow the gaff" on some comrade and confesses all.

He gets as the price of his confession a sum varying from 10 to 50 francs; the agents of the bureau shake his hand, the Chief smiles anticably on him, and he goes out on the street like a conqueror, a policeman protecting him, and seeing in him an auxiliary of the law.

The police know perfectly well, however, that it gains nothing from this supplementary service, and that to maintain it it has to ignore the preparation of a crime. Still, it is a sacred custom to use this service.

In the case of the murder of the Baroness de Valley, one of the accomplices, named 1. Astro. a police informer, had been arrested for selling obseene pamphlets. He knew at the time that the matter was under way. Of course he said nothing about it, and was soon set at liberty. Hereturned to the regular rendezvous of the gang, a bench in the Luxembourg Gardens for these gentlemen love hature, with its flowers and birds. There he jeered at the police, and the next day the Baroness was found murdered. Another informer in this case was a certain Raoul Durand, nicknamed in the Place Maubert. "Handsome Raoul" and "Tonkin Rafe." This was his role in the murder. Some time before the murder the Baroness missel the key of her flat. Lageny, her protegé, had taken it temporarily to have another key like it made, to be used if the old lady refused to admit her assassins. Giving up his trade of informer. Durand had studied out the crime, and was to take part in it with Ferrand and the two Juliens, all members of the gang. He received the

other informer. L'Astro, when he found himself among the prisoners, gave away in his turn his colleague and accomplice, "Handsome Raoul."

It was among this gang, composed of Raoul, Paulo, L'Astro, Ferrand, and the Penelli brothers and their consurts, that Pierre Ferrand and Julien Kinnsen fell one fine day. They were considered at their dobut as being easily exploitable. The gang birrowed two france, three france, from them, and more according as they had it. The lads wanted to join the gang, but were received cautiously. They became what is called "half salit" that is, they could carry out an indicated coup, but, being young at the business, they had to report their work at once to the old fellows of twenty years. The gang would suggest to them some burgiary to do, would cheer them with precious advice, but made them turn their gains over at once. Terrible to relate, it was the informers of the police who trained and launched these boys, born for better things, in the path of crime.

Pierre Ferrand Gabbled in literature; he wrote decent verses, but as he found it hard to sell them, as work "didn't agree with him," he became a coultacur, or rather, allowed himself to be helped by the Latin Quarter women. He livel to enjoy life, with no idea of muroer. As fer Julian, he was "established;" he got fifteen frances day from a woman who has been arrested since for a crime committed outside of France; out his incame did not prevent him from writing "A Woman's Romance." Both of these hoys should have joined their regiment; and did not do so on purpose to carry out a scheme arranged for them, because they wanted pocket money. If the plan was suggested to them by Lageny, it was because they wanted to do it themselves. But they gradiens. The gang was well known to the police; it held its sessions near the music stand in the Luxenbourg gardens. Music softens manners. The leaders had certain choose benches, and thereon sat Raoul, Pietro, L'Astro; and under the green shade they discussed their criminal plans.

studies at the Floen College, was thrown from his horse a few days ago and received a kick in the leg which has ouliged the youngster to re-main in bed ever since. plans.
In general, a gang is made up thus: The "workmen," to give them their proper takes, divide Paris Into districts. Each gang has its

## ANNIE THE VENUS NABBED.

THE PRETTY PICKPOCKET ROBS WOMAN IN BLOOMINGDALE'S.

own quarter, which it leaves only to amuse itself. There is rivalry between the gangs; that of Moufetard fights with that of the Place Manb, and sometimes the battle, waged with knife and pistol, extends as far as Montmartre and Lavillette. Not so long ago a member of a gang, whose mistress was a dancer at the Mouin Rouge, had an interview with another "workman." They ended it with knives; then each brought his gang up. There was a pitched battle, and the police didn't interfere. Paulo told me that he had done six jobs tisx murders while robbing unknown to the police! and Paulo is a police informer!

Now, this is how the job in the Rue Penthièvre was worked and how almost every other job is worked. The evidoers of the Place Maubert have various daily meeting places. Thus at midday breakfast they may be found at Vevier's cafe, in the Place de is Sorbonne, around a table covered with olicloth. There they arrange to rob bleyclista, and there Raou, L'Astro, Plerre, and Julien, with Margo the dark and Gaby the fair, discuss current affairs. At night they met at Guignard's bar, in the Rue Lagrange, which opens also on the Rue Gaiande, and there they draw lots to decide who shall do the "work." It lay between Paulo and Graud-Baba; Paulo was chosen, and he refused, because he didn't like assassination. Then they thought of Plerre and Julien, who, in the idea of the "workmen," would do the job, and not get too much out of it, so closely would the gang watch them.

The crime thus planned was unknown to the police, and without Raoul, perhaps, might still be a mystery. She Tried to Get the Store Detective to Watch Another Person While She Piled Her Vocation—Has Been Arrested Be-fore—Her Picture in the Rognes' Gallery.

On Saturday afternoon the detective Bloomingdale Brothers' store was accosted by more than ordinarily good looking young weman, whose graceful figure was clothed in a stylishly cut bicycle suit of tan tweed. A jaunty tan Alpine hat, russet leather bicycle shoes, and tan gauntiet gioves completed the costume. Are you the store detective?" asked the

young woman.

"I am," was the reply.
"Well," said the young woman, lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, "do you see that woman over there at the jewelry counter with a blue waist? Don't look right away, she may no-

The detective let his eyes wander by easy stages over to the woman indicated, and acknowledged that he saw her.

"Well, would you believe it," said the young woman in a stage whisper, " I just saw her take several stick pine from the tray on the show case and put them in her pocket. She's one of those horrid women pickpockets, and I thought you would just like to know about her. She ought to be arrested. I'd keep my eye on her if I were you."

"I'm much obliged to you," said the detective. "I'll do as you suggest. I shall also have to keep my eye on you if I arrest her, as you were the only witness to the theft." 'Oh, horrors!" exclaimed the girl in the

the gang watch them.

The crime thus planned was unknown to the police, and without Raoul, perhaps, might still be a mystery.

It is quite probable that the same might be said of the recent crime in the Rue Fontains. The public, ignorant of the hidden wires, think it mysterious; the papers either don't know of ear to say what they do know. But here is the true story, as sooner or later it will leak out from the arcana of the examining magistrate.

On Wednesday a man named Bedei was found at the head of the stairs in his house with his throat cut. Pierre Bedel, 79 years old, had been for many years cold de chumbre to abaroness, whose service he left aboat six months ago under discreditable circumstances. The Haroness, by birth a princess, is about 63, large, powerful, with gray nair, and a lively and expressive face, and has been a remarkably beautiful woman. Everywhere she has left a reputation for beauty, grace, fascination; and scandal sometimes goes further—evil tongues say that intrigues have not been unknown to her. But the Broness is deaf now, and does not hear what is charged to her account. Last year a fashionable paper dedicated a bit of scandal to her which angered her. It spoke of a grande dame who was in love with her cold de chumbre, handsome Baptiste." The Haroness ordered her lawyer to buy up the journal for a hundred thousand france; but the matter was settled amicably.

Beside the handsome Baptiste, she had with blevele suit. "Will I have to go to one of those awful police courts? I never was in one in my life; but I've read about them, and I know I should be scared to death."

"Oh, I guess you'd survive," said the detec-tive dryly. "It will depend upon future developments whether you will have to go to court or not."

ess ordered thousand francs; but the matter was a hundred thousand francs; but the matter was settled amicably.

Beside the handsome Baptiste, she had with her for several years a crowd of rastagouères, who spent her fortune wildly. On the advice of a friend the Baroness put her affairs in the hands of a young lawyer, who soon discovered unheard-of rascalities.

To begin with he found that Baptiste Pierre Bedel had complete control of his mistress and kept all her keys, even the key of her safe. When he went over the Haronese's securities he missed bonds and stock worth 400,000 francs. Explanations were compelled, and the lawyer recovered 200,000 francs' worth in a chest in the cellar. The other 200,000 were recovered quietly. But the Baronese slid not want to prosecute the thieves: she didn't want even to discovered the process of the safe. The girl gave a little shudder and walked away. The detective kept one eye on her and the other on the blue waist. The whereabouts of the one, in his estimation, was as essential as or the one, in his cetimation, was as essential as that of the other. If a prisoner should be taken to court. The woman in the blue waist continued her shopping unconcernedly. The girl in the bleycle suit, with a business air, hurried up to the linen counter. Standing next to her was an elderly woman, who, as it came out later, was a Mrs. Zeimer of Sixty-fourth street and Lexington avenue. The girl stood looking at some linens for a few moments, then walked to Lexington avenue. The girl stood looking at some linens for a few moments, then walked to another counter. As she left the counter the detective mused to himself:

"I thought I could not be mistaken. Just as clever as ever." miss Baptiste Pierre Bedel, whose private affairs were beginning to come out.

He had a mistress, 70 years old, thrice convicted of felony, who went around with a young girl who passed as her daughter, but really was a mere swindler, who, with a noted rounder, worked the badger game.

Bedel introduced this trio to the Baroness Decazes as fashionable people in difficulties, and on their account got a good deal of money from her. Then came the time when Bedel and his friends were sent to the right about. The gang would undoubedly have silled the Baroness; but, aent away from her house, and unable to murder her, they turned upon the rolet de chambre, who had money.

Probably it will be difficult to keep the scandal from exploding. The little frailties of a great lady will doubtiess be covered up, for much must be forgiven to her who has loved much.

Then he approached the elderiy woman and said:
"Pardon me, madame, I am the store detec-

"Pardon me, madame, I am the store detective. Have you lost anything?"

The woman felt for a brooch, felt for earrings,
felt for finger rings, and then answered that
she hadn't lost anything.

"How about your purse?" asked the detective.
The woman thrust her hand into her pocket.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed, somebody's tolen it.

"Well, don't get excited and don't leg any one
know that you have lost anything, and I guess
we can get back the purse in a few minutes."
"Oh, you lovely man!" exclaimed Mrs.
Zeimer. Zeimer.
The detective then walked over to the girl in The detective the bicycle suit.

The bicycle suit.

Do you mind stepping back here for a moment?" he asked; "I guess we've landed our ment?" he asked; "I guess we've landed our ment?"

Thus crime in Paris is organized. It is evi-lent what each must do. The police don't help him; he must arm himself, and keep his eyes pen. M. D. "Oh, isn't this lovely? And so exciting;" the exclaimed. "I feel like a real detective." "Oh, isn't this lovely? And so exciting; "the girl exclaimed, "I feel like a real detective," "That's nice," said the detective; "here we are, and he stopped in front of Mrs. Zeimer, "Is this your purse, madam?" he asked, point-ing to a pocketbook the bicycle girl held in her hand. Engineer Phillips and Plagman Creawell

ing to a pocketoook the bleyelo girl hold in her hand.

"Why, yes! Where did you find it, Miss?"

"She's going to tell the story to me back in my office," said the detective, before the girl could answer. "You stay right here, madam, until we return."

"Well, what are you going to do with me?" asked the girl of the officer as they walked to the rear of the store.

"I'm going to have you searched; then I'm going to lock you up, and then I'm coming back to watch the girl in the blue waist, who stole the stick pins," was the detective smiling answer. ton Beach Railroad at Emmons avenue and the Shore road on Saturday night, is alleged to

stole the stick pins," was the detective's smilins answer.

"How nice of you." replied the girl, coldly. The girl was locked up in the East Sixty, seventh street station over night and arraighed before Magistrate Flammer in Yorkville yester day. She told the Magistrate that her name was Annie Kumpf, that she was 22 years old and that she lived in South Brooklyn. The street and number she refused to give. The Hibomingdale's detective asked that, owing to the fact that Mrs. Zeimer couldn't be in courtuit this morning, the girl be remanded for examination. This request was seconded by Detectives Farley and Campbell of the East Sixty-seventh street station, who said that Capt O'Brien of the Detective Bureau knew the girl as an old-time pickpecket, and that he wanted flagman, and both have been arrested on a way back to the Prospect Park station to be laid up for the night. There were no lights at laid up for the night. There were no lights at the crossing and Flagman Cresswell was not at his post. Cresswell, who, it is alleged, was drunk when arrested, explained that on the arrival of the last train from the city he was allowed to stop work and go home.

Engineer Phillips says that he did not catch sight of the wagon in the darkness in time to slow up and prevent the collision. The engine struck the end of the wagon and hurled it into Coney Island Creek alongside the road. Balley was thrown with the wagon into the creek, and he died a few minutes after being picked up. Policeman Morgan, who was driving the wagon, was found embedded in the mud in the creek. He escaped with a severe shock and a few bruises. As no trace of the horses could be found on Saturday night, it was supposed that they were killed and under the wreck in the creek, but yesterday morning they were both found grazing in a field about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident. Neither was hurt. O'Brien of the Detective Bureau knew the gir as an old-time pickpocket, and that he wanted to give four persons, alleged to have been robbed ago, in Sixth avenue, by the then Detecti ago, in Sixth avenue, by the then Detective-Sergeant O Brien, now at the head of the De-tective Bureau, and Detective McCauley, now O'Brien's First Lleutenant. She was caught in the act of bicking a woman's pocket, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a term of one year's imprisonment in Auburn prison.

When she was released from Auburn the po-lice lost track of her for a time. Then they heard that she had been arrested in New Jersey, and agained to two years imprisonment.

and sentenced to two years' imprisonment Something more than a year ago Annie was ar Something more than a year ago. Annie was arrested in lirooklyn, and sentenced to the Kings county penitentiary for ten months. It is not long ago that she was discharged.

The girl, by education or association, speaks quite correctly, her voice is refined, and she looks and acts very like a lady. The general opinion is that she has accumulated a small furtune. When she removed her gloves in court tyesterday morning a number of diamond rings sparkled on her long, tapering fingers, which had evidently been recently carefully looked to by a manicure. So far as is known she has never practised her vocation on any one but women. Her picture is 2,272 in the Rogues' Gallery. To the police she is known as "Annie the Venus."

ble for the presence of Count Thun, who, in his capacity of Governor, expressed the wish that the programme of the Congress might be carried out. This programme included a declaration in favor of the restoration of the temporal power of the Holy See, and the Austrian Liberals are in a rage at the action of Count Thun, believing that a rapprochement of the Government with the Cierical coalition will become a question before the Reichsrath at the opening of the session of that body early in October. MAY ETTA STORMS A SUICIDE. She Took Rat Poison and Refused to Give Any Reason for Doing So.

SING SING, Sept. 6 .- May Etta Storms, a wellknown young lady in this village, only 17 years old, committed suicide in her bedroom at the home of her father on Dale avenue yesterday afternoon by taking a dose of rat poison. She had just taken dinner with the family when she went to her room. She was apparently in the best of spirits, and told her mother that she would soon be ready to go shopping with her. The mother, having occasion to go to her daughter's room, found her lying on the bed, deathly pale. She asked her what the matter was, but the girl merely reciled she was not feeling well. Her mother questioned her further and sent for Dr. Helm. He found a box containing a quantity of rat poison hidden in a water pitcher. The Doctor administered an antidote and used a stomach pump, but the girl grew steadily worse and died at about 7 o'clock.

From the woment her mother and the Dector worse and died at about 7 o'clock.

From the moment her mother and the Doctor discovered what site had done they tried in every manner to get her to give a reason for the act, but she would not answer them. Coroner Angar of Peekskill held an inquest this afternoon and every effort was made to discover the cause of the girl's act, but without result.

formerly employed in Eichier's brawery, at Third avenue and 160th street, was found hanging to a tree on the Morris estate at Webster ing to a tree on the Morris estate at webster avenue and 168th street resterday. He went West about three months ago to visit a brother, who died soon after. He said before he went away that he had a sweetheart in the West whom he was going to marry. When he returned two weeks ago he couldn't get his job back. This is supposed to have been the cause of his suicide.

August Willerick, 40 years old, a homeless man, attempted suicide yesterday afternoon by jumping into the East River at the foot of Stan-ton street. He was rescribed by a passing tug-boat and put ashore at Third street, whence he was taken to Bellevue Hospital and placed in the prison ward.

### Did This Ex-Convict Brown Himselft A black diagonal coat, a pair of shoes, and a

pair of blue socks were found on the pler at the foot of East Twenty-first street last evening. In the pocket of the coat was a discharge paper from Sing Sing prison, which had on it the name of M. Bagnon. It was a blue card, and is A-SWIM WITH THE FINNS.

First Ward Excursion Awash, Outside and In, with Rain and Beer,

Never in the history of the Daniel E. Finn association of the First ward was the day for the annual excursion so inauspicious as yesterday. At 9 o'clock, the scheduled hour for the Laura M. Starin to start from the Iron Pier for Witzel's Point, "dere wasn't a pint of stuff abound " as Mushud harley saniently remarked. The first man to arrive carried a small keg of whiskey on his back. He was followed by a man in a check jumper staggering under a barrel filled with glassware. The top layer in the barrel consisted of empty bottles marked "Antediluvian," "Monongaheia," and similar le-

in an appearance. He was seated upon a sevenstop cabinet organ on a truck. Theorgan was carried to the upper deck, where it furnished requiems during the day for the departed sun. There being no plane stool, one was improvised From the time the boat started until the re-

turn the function assumed the aspect of a vandewille show. The orchestral music was furnished by Crowiey's band, which played "They May Have Seen Better Days" when the boat passed Blackwell's Island.

Headaches were confined in twenty kegs of beer, which Joe Connor apostrophized in the following words:

But I'll sing you a song of a gargle, A gargie that I love so dear, I allude to that gargie entrancing. The excellent tonic called beer.

spipe on the tin whistle, and four puglists, named respectively James Reardon, Jack Gibbona, John Gorman, and Charles O'Brien, tried ineffectually to knock each other out.

The arrival of the boat at Canal street at 9 c'clock interrupted three games of poker and four games of crape, but each reveiler carried his share of the headache medicine with the dignity befitting a member of the Fion Association, while the stars shone in an unclouded sky.

MRS. ABRAHAM'S TINTYPE,

It Showed Her Seated in a Young Man's

Lup, and a Divorce Sait May Follow.

Nellie Rump, the 17-year-old daughter of a Flatlands farmer, was married six weeks ago to Edward E. Abrahams. On Saturday she had her husband before Police Justice Steers in the Grant Street Court in Brooklyn for assault and abandonment. The accused admitted that he boxed his wife's cars, and declared that he had left her for good. In explanation of his apparently heartless behavior he handed Justice Steers a thurype picture, exhibiting his wife seated in the lap of another man. Mrs. Abrahams admitted that the picture was taken since her marriage, but said that the young man in the picture was ther second cousin, and that there was no cause whatever for her husband had received sufficient provocation to lose his temper, and found for the wife in the abandonment of the summer. Mrs. Aston kept it open and held to give her St's aveak. Mr. Abrahams threatens abandonment. The accused admitted that he boxed his wife's cars, and declared that he had left her for good. In explanation of his apparently heartless behavior he handed Justice Steers a tinippe picture, exhibiting his wife seated in the lan of another man. Mrs. Abrahams admitted that the picture was taken since her marriage, but said that the young man in the picture was her second cousin, and that there was no cause whatever for her husband's jealousy. Justice Steers dismissed the assault complaint, holding that the husband had received sufficient provocation to lose his temper, and found for the wife in the abandonment proceedings, putting her husband under bonds

band's jealousy. Justice Steers dismissed the assault complaint, holding that the husband had received sufficient provocation to lose his temper, and found for the wife in the abandonment proceedings, putting her husband under bonds to give her 5° a week. Mr. Abrahams threatens divorce proceedings, with the lintype as the chief exhibit.

\*\*SONGMAKER GAUNT DEAD.\*\*

\*\*Among the 500 Bongs He Wrote Was "Push Bem Clouds Away."

Percy Gaunt, the song writer, died on Saturday inght, in a village in the Catskills. As was told in Saturday's Sun, when it was announced that ne was dying, he was the author and composer of more than 500 songs, some of which were the most popular of the day, Among them are "Push Dem Clouds Away" and "The Bowery," the latter of which he wrote in conjunction with Charles H. Hoyt. He also helped to write the "Tripto Chinatown," "Milk White Fisg." "Parlor Match." "Midnight Hell," and other of the Hoyt plays, composing the music if not always writing the words of the songs, Although his earnings were large, he died poor. Mr. Gaunt was from Philadelphia. His age was 44. Death was due to consumption.

\*\*Obtuary Notes.\*\*

Dr. George Brown Goode, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and in charge of the National Museum in Washington, died of the Smithsonian Institution and in charge of the National Museum in Washington, died of the National Museum in Washington, died of the National Museum in Washington, died of the Smithsonian lastitutio

pneumonia shortly before 9 o'clock last evening at his residence at Lanier Heights, a suburb of Washington. His death was entirely unexpected, although he had been ill for some time. He was born in New Albany, Ind., Feb. 13. 1851; graduated at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conp., in 1870, and in 1871 was placed in charge of the college museum. He went to Washington in 1875 as one of the staff of the Smithsonian Institution. He was sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876 as director of the natural history division, and
his abilities were so much appreciated that he
was appointed United States Commissioner to
the International Fishery Exhibition held in
Berlin in 1880, and in London in 1883. He
was also a member of the Government Executive Board for the New Orleans, Cincinnat, and
Louisville Expositions in 1884. The State Department had his services in 1877 as statistical
expert in connection with the Hallfax Fisheries
Commission. He represented the Smithsonian
Institution at the Columbian Exposition, and
was a member of the Board of Awards at the
Cotton States International Exposition at Atlanta hast year. His published papers on ichthyology, museum administration, and fishery
economy number more than 100.

Ernsat H. Dodd, a wealthy resident of Babyto the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876 as di-

thyology, museum administration, and fishery economy number more than 100.

Ernest H. Dodd, a wealthy residence there yesterday from an acute attack of appendicits. He became ill last Tucciday and an operation was performed on Wednesday afternoon. Little hope for his recovery was entertained. He was a son of Dr. Edward M. Dodd, and grandson of the late William R. Foster, the millionaire flour merchant of New York. He was a native of Habyion, where he was born about thirty-five years ago. Shortly after reaching his majority he became associated with his grandfather in the flour husiness under the firm name of W. R. Foster & Co. Upon the death of Mr. Foster he retired from the firm and purchased aseat in the New York Produce Exchange. He removed to Babylon about they ears ago, and built a country villa on the Foster estate overlooking the Great South Hay. He was an enthusiastic yeachtman, and a week ago Saturday he salled his yacht, the Joan. In the yacht club races off Bay Shore. He was a member of the New York Athletic Club, a director of the Habylon National Bank, and Secretary and Treasurer of the Babylon Club. He is survived by a widow and one child. The arrangements for the Inneral are as yet incomplete. He leaves a large estate.

The Rev. Philip Phelps. D. D., one of the most

1878. Recently he has filled pastorates at Blenheim and Breakabeen, N. Y.

Charles Alberson, who for twenty years has been the treasurer of the Jorel Parker Association, the foremost Democratic organization of New Jersey, died at his home in Park street, Newark, yesterday, of typhoof fever. He had been ill less than a week. Mr. Alberson was 45 years old, and was married three years ago, like kept a saloon in Commerce street, Newark, but never drank nor used tobacco.

John E. Hosmer of Brooklyn, 69 years old, died yesternay of Bright's disease at the residence of his mother-to-law, Mrs. George H. Hovey, in Boston, Mr. Hosmer, up to the time of their failure, was employed in the New York office of the bpragues of Blooks Island. Of inte he has been associated with John L. Baker of New York.

SHOULD SUCH A MAN FLEE?

SOME OF PASTOR ASTON'S PARISHA IONERS THINK HE SHOULD.

He Means to Stick Until His Back Salary Is Paid The Parishioners But Aft. His Reticence About His Private Aft. Paid-The Parishtoners Don't Like

fales and Many Have Lett the Church The Ref. Henry Aston, pastor of the Windsor Terrace Methodist Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, has led a troubled life this summer. Sensational and irreverent newspapers have poked fun at him and at his persevering efforts to keep the lamp of grace in his sanctuary trimmed and burning. Three-fourths of his congregation have deserted him. Almost his only friends in the neighborhood are the firemen in the engine and truck house across the street and some unregenerate persons who do not attend religious services regularly.

It is all because the Rev. Mr. Aston did not care to acquaint the gossips of the congregation with the trivial facts of his daily life. His every action, he says, is open to investigation, but he steadfastly refused to give out each day information as to his prospective movements on the next day. He went further and refused to answer daily questions regarding the minuties of his life on the day previous. All of this was exceedingly unpleasant conduct for the congregation to endure. They hadn't much use for a pastor who wouldn't tell where he got his hair cut and where he bought his new tooth brush. found that the congregation was strangely famillar with the very facts he felt justified in screening from public view. They demonstrated their knowledge by leading questions which often concealed triumphant sneers. This sort of thing made the paster angry.

He went about uttering wrathful things of the person who was so acutely and mischievously shadowing him. Now, the paster has a wife. She is a kind-hearted woman, and false notes in the harmony of the Windsor Terrace congregation were most irksome to her. So far as she might she felt it her duty to propitiate the angered ladies of the congregation by supplying that information which they desired. There was another rift in the lute.

When the General Conference assigned Mr. Aston to the Windsor Terrace charge in April it was understood that he should receive a salary. This salary was to be \$1,200 a year. As Mr. Aston is not a man of independent means, he needs the salary, but he doesn't get it with ne needs the salary, but he doesn't get it with any degree of regularity. Though no member of the heard of Trustees will admit it, it is said that the salary is withheld because of the pas-tor's refusal to furnish to the congregation for their enjoyment that which they especially desire—something to talk about. Angered by this practical demonstration of the spirit of those with whom he was supposed to serve the pastor decided on a body agree.

of the pews at him.

As Mr. Asten's auditors passed out, Miss Ritchie and the "stranger lady" met on the Ritchie and the "stranger lady" met on the steps.

"It's a shame," said the stranger lady, by way of introducing herself.

"It is a shameful shame, a horrid shame," replied the organist excitedly. "I can stand by the church and I will, but I can't stand such people as these are. Horrid things!"

"I am a stranger lady," said the other, "and it's not for me to say it before my children, but such goings on are a disgrace to Christian people. The idea of treating a poor, dear, nice man soj"

so,"

Mir. Hemma had this to say of these comments: "As for field fittchie, she isn't the regular organ player. If the church was properly organized she wouldn't sit behind that organ one single minute, and she knows it. As for the other woman, she must be a stranger, sure enough! Pour, dear, nice man, indeed! Judge for yourself! What would anybody think of a minister who leaves home for three days without saying a word to a living soul? What would anybody think?"

The wood woman drew, herself up to lay down. The good woman drew herself up to lay down The good woman drew herself up to as a usual an argument of inal conviction.

"And, if you please," she said, "just one more thing. Where is that poor, dear, nice man living now? He isn't sleeping in the church and he isn't stopping with anybody in the congregation."

Mr. Aston preached last night on "Troublour Times." Text: Nebendah xl., 6, "And I said: Should such a man as I flee?" FIVE IN DANGER OF HYDROPHORIA

Who Died from a Cat's Bite. PATERSON, Sept. 6.-Five persons are quarintlacd in the house of Dr. L. Reeves of East Bloomingdale, waiting for hydrophobia to develop or for danger of it to pass. The supposed danger of hydrophobia arises from their contact with a child who died a few days ago of hydrophobia induced by the bite of a pet cat which died with the disease,

Mamie Kimball is the child who died. She lived with her grandfather, a wheelwright, Athletic Club, a director of the Pabylon National Bank, and Secretary and Treasurer of the Babylon Club. He is survived by a widow and one child. The arrangements for the funeral are as yet incomplete. He leaves alarge estate.

The Rev. Philip Phelps. D. D., one of the most prominent clergy men of the Reformed Dutch: Church, died yearerday at the residence of his sister, Mrs. E. D. Jones of Albany. He was the eldest son of Philip Phelps. who held the office of heputy Comptroller of the State of New York for fifty years. Dr. Phelps was born in Albany, July 12, 1870. He was graduated at the Albany Academy in 1842 and at Union College in 1844. In 1850 he was ordained to the ministry by the classis of Albany, and took charge of the mission station at Hastings-upon-fludson. From that charge he was called in 1850 to the principalish of the Holland Academy in Michigan, which in 1850 was incorporated as Hope College, of which Dr. Phelps became the first freedent, and held that office until his resignation in 1878. Recently he has filled pastorates at Bienheim and Breskabeen, N. Y.

Charles Alberson, who for twenty years baseen the treasurer of the Joel Parker Association, the foremost Bemogratic organization of New Jersey, died at his home in Park street, Newark, yesterday, of typhoid fever. He had been ill less than a week. Mr. Alberson was 45 years old, and was married three years ago, illy search of the part of the principal control of the principal co

New London, Conn., Sept. 6,-Admiral

Bunco's squadron in Fisher's Island Sound expects to begin a week of duty to morrow. The six vessels comprising the squadron are the flagship New York, Texas, Indiana, Maine, Co-jumble, and Raleigh. The Massachusetts left office of the Spragues of Rhode Island. Of late he has been associated with Jonn L. Baker of New York.

Howard Munnikhuysen, senior member of the well-known Baltimore law firm of Munnikhuyses. Bond & Duffy, died at Elberon, N. J. yes, sen. Bond & Duffy, died at Elberon, N. J. yes, sen. Bond & Duffy, died at Elberon, N. J. yes, the was 54 years old, and one of the leading corporation attorneys of Bastimore.

of the Brandenburg Marts and the Governorship of Berlin. This appointment has not yet been officially announced, but it is an official fact, proving Hahnke's position as a favorite of the Emperor, that he has been appointed Chief of the Twelfth Regiment of infantry. The body of Bernard Brodbeck, a stableman Armenian Exodus from Turkey. PARIS, Sept. 6. - The Paris edition of the Nee York Herald has a despatch from its Constant! nople correspondent stating that the Armenian exodus is in full swing. All steamers for the Piracus, Marzeilles, and Alexandria are convey-

# ing batches of deported Armenians. Everything is quiet in Constantinople.

BERLIN, Sept. 6. Last evening sixty frac tured limbs were treated at the hospital on the Grandau parade ground and in the Red Cross stations as a result of the crush of spectators to witness the parade. On Friday night over 100 similar cases were treated in the various hospitals in the city.

### Speinlist Quarrels. BERLIN, Sept. 6.-The row between Herr Lieb knecht and the editorial staff of the Vorscorts is still unsettled, and as a result of the trouble the coming socialist Congress, which is to be held at Sieblichen, hear Gotha, on Oct. 11. is likely to be the scene of some lively personal encoun-

Prince Eitel Frederick Hurt. BEGLIN, Sept. 6. Prince Eitel Frederick, the second son of the Emperor, who is pursuing his

Killed by Gas. Frederick Horn, 32 years of age, a laborer,

was found dead in bed yesterday morning at

his home at 954 Columbus avenue. He had been overcome by gas. One of the burners in the room was turned on full force. It is not known whether he killed himself or not.

gends. These were all filled from one keg. It was fully 10 o'clock before Jack Engel put out of a camp stool and a life preserver.

I won't sing of sherbet or water, For sherbet and water don't rhyme, The workingman can't afford champagne, For its price is two dollars a time.

"Now." shouted Joe. "all together! Let'er go!" Then, like the thunder of an oratoric chorus, swept up the refrain: liser, beer, glorious beer. Fill yourselves right up to here.

[Indicated by 200 hands at as many lusty larynxes.] Drink a good deal of it.
Make a good meal of it.
Stick to your old fashioned beer.
Don't be afraid of it.
Drink till you're made of it.
Now, then, indulge in a cheer.
Up with the sale of it.
Down with a pail of it.
Giorious, glorious beer!

Those who were not listening to the sacred concert were either playing poker in the ladies' cabin or craps upon the deck.

When the grove was reached the rain was falling in torrents, consequently the usual games were not played. The time wastaken us with another vaudeville performance in the dancing pavilion. Messrs. Brooks and Harris, guitar and banjo, gave "De Old Sheep Done Know De Road" in a thoroughly African manner, after which a sliver-headed cane, brought from China by an Irishman for the occasion, was presented to Mr. Finn.

Jan Sullivan, an attaché of the Barge Office, sang "Tim Toolan;" Joe Connor played a hornpipe on the tin whistie, and four puglists, named respectively James Reardon, Jack Gibbons, John Gorman, and Charics O Brien, tried ineffectually to knock each other out.